

105.2098-Hall Diary-pl

Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken
from New York American, Oct.17,1922.

(Undated)

"Dear, Dear, darling heart of mine! I had hoped to have a long note for you tonight-but it has seemed as though I just could not write. My thoughts and feelings have been too full to put into words or on paper-Just one of my moods today, dear-one of my lonely, longly moods-You always, dearest, my treasure, my anchor, my rock-Oh, how I did want to fly off with you this afternoon-

"I wanted to get away to Dreamland-Heavenland-Everything seemed so sordid-earthly common place-Can I meet you tomorrow-our road at 2 p.m.-we can have the afternoon together-or, if it rains, shall we go to a show? I want to be with you-rather in the country.

"I just want to hold you-there is a peace then that nothing else brings-I can't talk to you any more in the presence of Mrs. Hall or Jim-don't be surprised if I stay away when you are talking to them.

"Something gets all out of order then and I lose my peace and self-possession. Dearest, love mehard, hard, harder than ever, for your Babykins is longing for his mother."

"D.T.L."

Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken
from New York American, dated Oct. 17, 1922.

(Undated)

"My own dear, dear heart! This morning, after leaving you, I had a chance to read a little more of the 'Mother of All Living'. It is very interesting-much more so than I expected. I am anxious to get it to you, so will hurry this- Dearest sweetheart, try to realize how sweet you are when you eat the eclairs-Oh, how I love to get them for you--cheerio, dearest heart of mine-I am loving you as you are loving me today-hard-fierce-and Oh, so deeply and truly-a long, strong, burning kiss on your dear lips-liquid fire into your very soul."

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Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills taken from
New York American, dated Oct. 17, 1922.

(Undated)

"Dear, dear tender wonder-heart of mine! Have you felt what an exalted mood I am in today? Dearest, I have so longed to talk, talk, talk with you while holding you in my arms.

"I am not wild or fierce today, but peaceful, calm, strong, exalted. Such an assurance - I feel like Tennyson's Strong Son of God - Immortal Love.-Cheerio, dear heart.

"I want to hold you close - commune with you - hold you tight with my left arm and stroke your dear, firm, face with my right - and look deep into those wonder eyes - hazel eyes.

"Dearest, you are like a chrystal to me. I will call them chrystal eyes - I seem to see and feel all the awe and wonder of the universe in them - and I am full of awe and wonder today.

"So I want you this afternoon. I want you and music and I will bring the victrola. I have been thinking a great deal about Prayer. Have you been praying this morning? for me? I feel sure you must have been, even if you were not conscious of it! Love and Prayer, what wonderful powers. Isn't physic influence strange and wonderful?

"Let us meet at our road at 2:15 - I will get there first so you will not have to wait if it rains - if you suggest any other plan - call up 74 between 1:30 and 2:00 - and I will answer the phone.

"Beloved heart- you are all the wonder of life for me today-life-love-mystery-will power-affection-all are bound up in you, the true love-the mother of all life and love for me! I feel your firm, strong fingers gripping mine as we crush one another in a firm, strong embrace-you darling."

D.T.L.

Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken from
New York American, dated October 17, 1922

(Undated)

"Oh, you dear, dear wonder-heart! What a cheerie dear heart you have been a gay gypsy you were this afternoon!

"Simply could not wait until tonight to see you and to find you so full of life and spirits! Oh, how I wanted to stay and play with you-but I couldn't there-but we will play some day next week.

"Darling, it is so good to see you well and your dear old self again - wasn't it a lovely ride! I hated to leave you out downtown-but it seemed wisest-I would look queer to go way up to Carman street first-and it was just time people would be on the streets-so it was best, even if hard to do as we did. Wasn't it, dear?

"Darling, the choir is singing hymns and I love to listen and know your dear voice is singing out those lovely words and your heart, too-there is something divine in the way you sing hymns-you love them so-you could easily be a song evangelist.

"People love to hear you sing hymns-there is pathos and tenderness in your voice that people feel.

"Darling, I must go in now and look at my dear heart while ~~xxx~~she sings. Good night, beloved, all my heart's love for you. There is a deep, deep joy of peace in our hearts tonight. "

"D.T.L."

Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills,
taken from the New York American, dated Oct. 17, 1922.

"Tuesday morning.

"Dear, dear darling wonder-heart of mine.
Your Saturday letter has come and all your dear,
good letters and poems. Just a line before this
mail goes-

"Friday night at 8 p.m. our road beyond
Parher House-I will see nobody before I look down
into those deep wonder eyes of love or look up
to this wonderful wonder-world of love that we
are living in-a world infinitely more wonderful
than all the beauties of physical nature-as
wonderful as they are. Ever always and devotedly.

"(signed) D.T.L."

Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken from
New York American, dated October 17, 1922.

Following letter sent from Seal Harbor, Me.
in August, 1922.

"Oh, you dear, dear angel sweetheart! Your dear,
dear letters and what volumes I want to write, but I
have just a moment now. I will write you a long letter
soon and answer your various questions.

"Dearest, your letters are blessings to me-I
couldn't endure this separation without them. Oh, will
the time ever pass! Thoughts and longings so throug
me that I can only let these sweet peas say all that
I want to say.

"You are a queen, a royal queen-you are perfectly
right-you are wonderful, dear-more wonderful every
moment. I will write more tomorrow. Every moment,
every breath.

D.T.L."